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"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

FORTNIGHTLY.

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FIVE CENTS.

Vol. I. No. 4.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

FIVE CENTS.

FINANCIAL.

American Trust Company,
OF NEW JERSEY.
Subject at all times to the Supervision of the Supreme Court.
OFFICE, No. 738 BROAD ST., NEWARK.
Paid-up Capital.....\$250,000.

Allows four per cent. per annum interest on
Deposits, from date of deposit to date of withdrawal,
subject to Draft at sight. Interest
credited in account Monthly.

Receives Special Deposits for specified times
on liberal rates of interest.

Issues Certificates of Deposit with or without
Interest, for use as Remittances or Investments.

IS AUTHORIZED
To Execute Trusts of every description from
Courts, Corporations and Individuals.
To take Charge of and Manage Real or Personal
Estate; Collect Rents or Interest; Renting or
Crediting the same on account as may be desired.

Republic Trust Company,
812 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Interest allowed on Deposits of any amount, for
short or long terms. All Deposits payable on
demand.

Individuals, firms or corporations may open
accounts with this Company as with Bank.

All deposits subject to check at sight, with the advantage
of accumulation of interest on daily balances.

Will accept Trusts of every description; act in
capacity of Executor, Trustee, Guardian, Treasurer,
etc.

T. B. Poddie, Vice-President; Jeremiah O'Rourke,
Marcel Sayre,
D. M. Wilson,
F. A. Traut,
Geo. W. Smith,
David Campbell,
Edwin C. Burr,
James B. Boylan,
Wm. Rockwell, Sec'y.

D. M. WILSON, Pres't.

**BLOOMFIELD
SAVINGS INSTITUTION,**
Liberty St., near Broad Avenue.
This Institution has always paid to Depositors
Interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.
All deposits subject to check at sight, with the advantage
of accumulation of interest on daily balances.

T. C. Doss, Treas'r. W. S. Baldwin, Pres't.

**ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,**
CHARTERED IN 1845.
Office on Liberty St., near Broad Avenue,
BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings,
Barns, Stores and other country property, on terms
more favorable than any other Company. It has no
city risks, and is therefore liable to no great disaster
like the Chicago fire. Z. B. Doss, President.

T. C. Doss, Sec'y.

People's Savings Institution.
This Popular Institution located in
RHODES' BUILDING,
within a few doors of the Morris and Essex Depot
at NEWARK, continues to pay interest on Deposits
at the rate of Seven (7) per cent. per annum.
It being an "Up Town" Institution, it is largely
patronized by "Up Town" people as well as those
from the Township near by. Patronage Solicited.

H. M. RHODES, President;
JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas'r.

**INSURE IN THE
HUMBOLDT (MUTUAL) INSURANCE
COMPANY,**
Assets over \$150,000.
Office, 753 BROAD ST.,
Essex Co. Nat. Bk. Bldg., NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by
Fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise,
at favorable rates, either on the Mutual or non-participating plans.

OFFICERS:
ELMER F. RHODES, Sec'y. GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.
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Newark Savings Institution,
Nos. 300, 302 and 304 Broad St.,
Corner of Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.
The Oldest Savings Bank in the State.
Open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Deposits made on or before October 1, 1872, draw
Interest from that date.

Safe Deposit Vaults for safe keeping of
Bonds and Valuables at low rates. Coupons, etc.,
collected without charge.

DANIEL DODD, President,
W. M. CANTER, Treasurer.

Bloomfield Gazette.

Subscriptions for 6 months, 50 cts. in advance,
may be made at Bloomfield P. O., and at Depot
Ticket office. The Gazette will be for sale in
Bloomfield at Gilbert's News Room, at the Depot,
and on the Cars. Also at Cadmus' Stationery
Store, and in Montclair, at Irving's News Room.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

	1 time.	3 times.	6 times.	12 times.
1 inch.....	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$4.50	\$8.00
2 ".....	1.75	4.50	8.00	15.00
4 ".....	3.00	8.00	15.00	28.00
8 ".....	5.00	15.00	28.00	45.00

All Advertisements to be paid in advance.
No charge for the Gazette to six months' advertisers.

A Story of Western Emigration, from actual experience.

(Written for the Gazette by a Bloomfielder.)
FIRST STAGE.

The home of my childhood stood on the

bank of a small river in a pleasant town of
New England, in the early part of the present
century. Though more than fifty years

have passed since I left it, I still retain a
vivid mental view of many interesting occurrences
during that period. When I read

Mrs. Stowe's description of a "Puritan Sabbath,"
and of her "Old-town Folks," my whole nature was thrilled. It came home

to me. It was something I knew about. I
have kept hundreds of Puritan Sabbaths,
commencing with the first three visible stars

on Saturday night, and ending with the same
on Sunday evening. If I had had the
advantages of the Beecher family, I

might write a story too. One on "Early
New England School Teaching," and another,
on "Going to Meeting in Vermont." But

waiving these and kindred topics, I will venture
a brief history of our emigration to the West.

My father owned one of the best mill-
seats in the town of P., attached to which
were twenty acres of good land, divided into

wood-land, meadow, pasture, orchard and
garden. On this he built a comfortable house
and a three-story saw and grist mill, including

also a small trunk factory. He always had a good share of patronage, but
when the neighboring mills were idle for
want of water, teams from all quarters would

flock in with loads of grain. Those who
came first would wait till their grists were
ground. This furnished fine opportunities

for gossip, if men ever do that sort of thing.
They talked of Bonaparte, home politics, the
crops, and discussed their horses, and some-

times exchanged them in the mill-yard.
Others would leave their bags and come
again. At such times the low rumbling of the

mill-stones could be heard at all hours of the night.

It was in the year 1816 that the spirit of
emigration stirred the people of our neighborhood,
and now, that was the principal topic at the mill.

My father was a very credulous man. He
believed people meant what they said. If
he was buying a horse, he believed the jockey

wished to do him a favor and give him a
great bargain; or a cow, he knew she was
of a superior breed, and gave an enormous

quantity of milk, because the owner told him
so, though she looked like anything else;
but when the money was counted out and the

men gone, he had time to discover that the
horse had but one eye, and the cow was just
what she looked to be.

The farmers who at this period came to the
mill, were greatly interested and excited on
the subject of going out to the "glorious West"

"to the Ohio," or "Pleasant Michigan." Those States seemed then more distant
and uncultivated than Nebraska does now.

One or two families had been insane enough
to leave their homes at a great sacrifice, and make the experiment of the
"New Country." These, on the principle of

misery-loving company, wrote back glowing
accounts of the soil, its productions, and the
facilities of labor, while their wives were

weeping in miserable log huts in the woods.
One man, more cautious than his infatuated
neighbors, went himself alone to view the

good land, before parting with his farm.
When he returned, he corroborated all that
had been written, and told a great deal

more. He came to our house and used all
his influence to unsettle my father's mind,
and induce him to "sell out and go West."

"Why," said he, "them big boys of yours
can work a large farm out in Ohio. Yes,
one on 'em can do it; a boy fourteen year

old out there's as good as a man here. Why,
a man in Ohio without an inch of land is
better off than he is here with a farm. The

corn grows so high there that they have to
ride on horseback to pick it! You don't
have to keep hogs and cows; there's plenty

on 'em runnin' wild in the woods. Jest take
your gun on your shoulder and go out an' shut
as many as you want; an' you don't have

to buy any sweetenin', there's plenty of wild
honey, an' custard apples to make pies on."

This information was grateful to my
father, may, it was intoxicating. He had the
two boys who were to make him rich.

His mind was so possessed and influenced
by what he heard, that mills, farm, trunk
factory and blacksmith's shop, which had

been added, all dwindled into insignificance.
They had lost their value. He never could be
contented till he had realized these new

dreams. He would sell out and go to the
"land flowing with milk and honey."

My mother was less credulous and more
discreet. She could not see the wisdom of
relinquishing a certain support and home

comforts for positive hardships, uncertain
supplies, and possible poverty. To her it
seemed a formidable undertaking to move a

family of ten children, the youngest but
three months old, in mid-winter, over the
snows of New York and Pennsylvania. She

remonstrated. She feared to let go the bird
in the hand, lest she would never get the
two in the bush. But arguments and en-

treaties were alike in vain. My father's con-
victions were strong—his faith unwavering.
(If he had had such faith in Christ, he

would have been a new creature, and sure
of heaven.) The heavily timbered woods,
the waving fields, the rich pastures, the

scampering hogs and flocks of turkeys, were
all realities to him. He knew they existed,
and it was for him to go and take possession.

Those were not the days of "Woman's
Rights!" My mother promised at her marriage
to *dey her husband*, and here was a crisis
when her will must yield to his.

Our place was offered for sale. Property was
so depreciated by the panic people were in,
that nothing like its real value was expected.

His object was not to get a great price, but
to sell and go. If he could get sufficient to
pay the small encumbrance on the mill, a

few other small debts, and have enough for
traveling expenses, and perhaps a few dollars
to fall back upon if things should not

come up squarely to our expectations, that
was all he looked for. Soon a Quaker gentleman
came to examine the premises, and finally

offered \$— in cash. What a sum for a poor
man to have in his hand all at once! And the
glorious prospects of the West rose up before him
in all their splendor.

Debts paid, and money sufficient to convey
us comfortably away from the bleak, Green
Mountain-winds and the dreary Vermont

snows, to the genial climate and productive
soil of beautiful Ohio; this was enough!
He did not wait for a second nibble at the

hook; but drew in the prize with a spasmodic
jerk. My mother, seeing that the enterprise
was inevitable, regretfully, prayerfully,
tearfully, submissively, summoned all her

energy and ingenuity to the task of fitting
out the family for the fearful adventure. All
was commotion at the mill and in the house.

When and how we were to go, were questions
of intense interest. Our ablest advisers
judged it of great importance to go in the
Winter in order to begin farming early in the
Spring.

The first of February was at length decided
upon. Next the mode of travel. It was good
sleighting there, and was likely to be for
six weeks to come, but the men at the mill
said that in going West we would come to bare
ground in a few days, and we had better begin
as we could end it on wheels. Alas, for our
ignorance and blindness! The weather was very
cold, and several of the children small; so a close
carriage was necessary. Accordingly, my father
bought a stage-coach and pair of Irish gray
horses, for the special comfort of my mother
and the younger children, with personal baggage,
for beds, provisions, and other large articles,
another horse and wagon was purchased.

The custom then was for emigrants to carry
their own provisions and beds, to stop at a
tavern, (no hotels on the emigrant route,
except in large towns,) call for a large

room with a fire, prepare their own meals,
and make their own beds upon the floor.

About two months were occupied in pre-
paring for the journey. In making almost
numberless warm garments for the family,
and in deciding what to take with us, what
to give away, and what to sell—how my

mother maintained her equanimity, or even
kept her wits, I cannot see. The general
upsetting of things, the daily-recurring de-

mands of a large, old-fashioned family, (no
one-child families then!) the exaggerated,
extravagant representations of father, which

served not to convince, but to confuse
mother; the endless questions and chatter
of the little ones, while all the time she was

calculating, contriving and executing against
her convictions and inclination, all the pre-
parations for a long, tedious journey, were

enough to craze any but a strong, well-
balanced mind like my mother's.

As dry goods were said to be very dear at
the West, stores were laid in for winter and
summer wear, sufficient, it was thought, to

last two years.

The time now drew near for leaving all
that was tangible, certain and dear, for an
uncertain, visionary something, somewhere.

Most of our furniture was disposed of at
private sale. The last days were spent in
washing, cooking, and all sorts of unman-

ageable last things. Our dear old aunts,
cousins and neighbors came to assist in
finishing up matters, and to receive each

some memento of affection; and now a large
batch of bread, a capacious bag of dough-
nuts, and an "unknown quantity" of baked

pork and beans, with cake, cheese, tea, chocolate,
sugar, (till one got to the wild honey),
etc., etc., were put into the provision chest.

Trunks were packed and locked; beds tied
up in strong wrappers; vehicles before the
door. Nothing now remained but to ex-

change blessings and kisses, and mingle our
tears with those of the dear ones whose
faces we were now beholding for the last

time on earth, and we were stowed away in
our warm coach with foot-stoves filled with
glowing hickory coals at our feet. My

mother and eldest sister, with the two
youngest children nestled under their cloaks,
occupied the back seat, the rest of us on the

two middle seats, and on the front one my
father and one of the large boys sat to drive
by turns. My other large brother drove the

one-horse wagon, changing at intervals with
the one in the coach.

We children, while warm and comfortable
by a great hickory fire, were in great glee at
the idea of moving—of riding so far in a

carriage. We had never seen much of the
world; and now, we expected to see nearly
the whole of it. Like Wats' little mouse,

who, born and bred in an old chest, one day
scrambled up to the top, and looking round,
exclaimed, "I didn't think the world was so

big." Our expressions of joy, however, were
soon exchanged for complaints of the cold.
The babe became impatient of confinement

and bundling, and we were obliged to stop
three or four times a day to get warm and
to replenish the foot-stoves. When we

stopped at night, my father and the large
boys, his future farmers, took care of the
horses, who were jaded out, making twenty

miles with a heavy load on wheels, over
snow. Meantime, my mother prepared an
abundant and appetizing supper, while the

eldest sisters laid off the little ones' traveling
clothes, and rubbed and warmed their ben-

umbed hands and feet. After supper the
beds were made, and we all found tempo-

rary relief in sleep.

Instead of finding less snow as we ad-
vanced, it became deeper and deeper. It
snowed one whole day, which caused the

wheels to move heavily. The horses, which
were stout and strong, could only walk, and
finally we came upon drifts they could not

pass. Father and the boys walked at the
lower side giving what assistance they could.
At last something gave way, and we stood

at a dead halt, a quarter of a mile from any
house, and two miles from a tavern. This
was a dilemma. Here were the sanguine

emigrants, going through the State of New
York, on wheels in the depth of winter, in a
broken-down conveyance, and stuck fast in

a snow-drift. While my parents were de-

liberating what to do, a man in a two-horse
sleigh came along and kindly carried a num-
ber of the children to the next tavern. My

father borrowed tools at the adjacent house
with which to repair the coach, and by night
we were all at the public house, and in our
own room.—Concluded in our next.